

"ERLEADERE JEANETTE."

"I was one day my after-dinner cigar and reading 'Erleade' on the esplanade in Strasbourg, when I was accosted by an old woman who inquired in French for the nearest photographer. I wore the common dress of the Alsatian peasant, and her dusty shoes indicated a long foot journey, but under her linen head dress I felt her white hair around a face that, unadorned and wrinkled and wearing traces of red at the ears, yet was so beautiful in its expression of tender goodness and touching resignation, not unmixed with a certain pride, the involuntarily addressed her as 'Grandmère,' and forgetting that I had promised a friend to wait his arrival, offered to guide her to her destination.

On the road she told me her simple story. She was a widow, and lived prior to the French-German war with her married son in a village fifty miles from Strasbourg. They were well-to-do peasants, but the enemy invaded their little village; but one morning they woke to find the Prussians encamped in their fields and making themselves perfectly at home. No troops arrived the next day and the following, until the quiet village was a big camp, where the enemy herded up the stores intended for the siege of Strasbourg.

One night the camp was alarmed and Prussians came, among other things, a considerable quantity of powder was found, and there was no doubt that it was the work of the inhabitants. Accordingly, the next morning six of the most prominent and most patriotic of the inhabitants were brought before the Prussian Commander, and after a short examination, they were told, without further trial, that in the square in front of the village church. The widow's son was one of the six victims, and his wife, who became frantic with grief over his death, was the next morning found lifeless on his grave, thus leaving her infant son the sole care of his grand-mother. The old woman now centred all her hopes (all her affection) in the little boy, and as he grew up she was fully repaid, for he loved his grandmother with an intensity often found in children who die young—a love that was almost equalled by his veneration of his dead parents, his adoration of 'la belle France' and his hate for the Prussians, for the old woman, who loved her beautiful country dearly, and never forgot that her husband fell fighting for it at 'Soissons,' and that her son was killed by its enemies, instilled, perhaps unconsciously, both feelings in his young breast.

One day, when the boy was ten years, a Prussian official who inspected the village school was struck with his beauty and serious air, and addressed a question to him in German respecting his parents. 'The Prussians killed them,' answered the boy in French. The official colored, and in a rebuking tone asked the boy why he didn't speak German. 'Because it is the language of my country's enemies,' answered the boy fearlessly.

The official ordered him to arrest, and he was shut up in a chamber above the school-room, where he remained until night, when he boldly leaped from the window to the ground, and, as he fell in a thick copse, escaped unhurt. The boy now fairly flew to his grandmother's house, but he was afraid of being seen and brought back to the school. He followed the road he crossed in through the fields behind the village.

It was in the harvest and the grapes were ripe, so old Martin, the owner of the choicest grapes in the village, kept watch with a loaded shotgun over his precious treasures. So he walks over the field behind the wine press, when he hears something going its way through the grape-vines. He stops and cocks his piece. He will now catch the thief who robs him of his biggest grapes. The moon is behind the clouds, but he sees the outline of a person running fast through the vines. 'He comes!—but the person never heads him. He raises his gun—a flash—a scream—a fall of a body among the grapes, and when the old man arrives on the spot he finds instead of the supposed grape thief a little curly-headed boy whose life is fast ebbing away with the blood that flows out and mixes with the crushed grapes; his black eyes are already fixed and glassy, and it is with a faltering voice he whispers: 'Give my love to grandmother and tell her—father! mother! I am coming!—his hands grasp the vine tighter, he raises himself to a sitting posture, his moon coming from behind the clouds shines on the wine leaves in her curly hair, a cry rises in his throat: 'Viva la belle France!—he sinks back, his eyes closed, and the orphan boy is gone.

"And it was some alone—who murdered him," complained the grandmother when she concluded her tale. Her eyes were dry, but the muscles round the corner of her mouth worked convulsively, and there was a great sob in her throat. "It was all my fault—the result of unfortunateness; Holy Mary, have mercy, and the old woman runs the black beads of her rosary through her fingers, murmuring her prayers.

We arrived shortly after at our destination, the atelier of a French photographer, with whom I am slightly acquainted. I introduced my companion to him, and he, after offering her a seat, addressed some questions to her about her picture. She looked at him with wonder, and finally replied that she only wanted a picture of her boy. 'Ah,' said the photographer, 'a little boy; very good; where is he?' A tear dimmed the old woman's black eyes, and for answer she pointed to heaven. 'Oh,' exclaimed my friend, 'dead! I do not like to photograph dead bodies; but still, as monsieur has brought you here, I will make an exception; when did your little boy die?'

"When the grapes ripen he will have been gone a year," replied the grandmother. "But, my dear," began the photographer, perplexed, when I interrupted him, and taking him aside, told him the old woman's story, and now she had walked fifty miles on her old legs to procure a likeness of her dead grandchild.

"But my dear fellow, what can I do! I am grieved, upon my word I am; but what would you have me do? I can't photograph angels!"

A noise of romping children was now heard, and two boys, about 8 and 10 years old, came running into the atelier, crying at the top of their voices: "Oh, papa, a voice!" "Hush, children!" said the parent, "go away; I am busy" and the happy boys disappeared, laughing in the next room. A sudden idea struck me, and, turning to the old woman, who looked wisely at the door through which the boys escaped, I asked her if she had kept any of her little boy's clothes. "Indeed I have, monsieur," she answered. "I have kept everything belonging to the little dear," and opening a bundle she carried with her she continued: "Here is his best dress and (her voice sunk to a whisper) the last I ever saw him wear."

I took the photographer aside and made him acquainted with my plan for "photographing angels," and after obtaining his promise of carrying out my instructions, I persuaded the grandmother to leave the grandson's clothing in the atelier and follow me to an inn, where I left her in charge of the bureau hostess.

Two days after the photographer sent for her and on her arrival handed her a picture, at the sight of which the old woman began crying freely. "My boy! my own darling boy! I like the clothes I span every thread

of myself—and his pretty curly hair—but why do he cover his face?" When the look at the picture, suddenly, looking up from a picture that represented a little boy kneeling in a chair with his folded hands before his face.

"Oh," remarked the photographer, "he is saying his prayers." "Yes, yes, I know! He is praying for his poor old grandmother. Oh, my darling boy!" and the great tears rolled down her wrinkled cheeks. "God and our lady bless you, monsieur," said she, when she grew calmer. "I am now going to pray for my boy's grave until I follow him," and refusing all aid for her trip home, but pressing her newly-found treasure fast to her brave old heart, Grandmère Jeannette left us.

As to the picture, the intelligent reader has of course guessed, that the photographer dressed the oldest boy in the poor peasant's clothes; and who would not practice such a deception to see the tears that rolled down Grandmère Jeannette's aged cheeks?

A LITTLE ROMANCE.

A Child in Search of a Father and a Fortune. (Chicago Tribune.)

A very small child with a very long name—Gertrude Frances Wilhelmina Rollar—is complainant in an equity suit to establish her identity and get the property of Gottlieb Friedrich Rollar, whose daughter she claims to be. As the claimant is not yet two years of age, and is described as "the sweetest baby ever born alive," she can not be said to take an active interest in the matter herself, but one Axel Ohlström represents her as next friend. The will of Gottlieb Rollar, probated after his death in February, 1883, and the Court found that he died childless. By the will all his property was left to his mother, his brother and his sister, who are made defendants to the present bill. The claim of Gertrude to be a posthumous child requires some examination of the evidence already taken in the case, from which the following particulars appear:

In May, 1877, Gottlieb Rollar, the testator, took one Ida King to be the companion of his bed and board. There seems to have been no formal marriage ceremony, but it is claimed that mutual promises and cohabitation amounted to a common law marriage. At all events, Ida King was afterward known as Ida Rollar, and was by some reputed to have a lawful claim to that name. Gottlieb died February 7, 1883, leaving real estate valued at \$8,000 and personal property of rather more valuable. The complainant in the bill alleges that she was born about four months later, but that her father's parents and other relatives, all of whom lived in Buffalo, formed an insidious plot to deprive her of her legal portion. They retained her father's will for probate, she says, and by the payment of a round sum, bribed Ida Rollar to admit that she was never the lawful wife of the testator. This, at least, is sure, that she presented a claim of \$1,500 for her services as housekeeper, and thereby virtually admitted that she had no claim to a widow's portion. She swears, however, that she thought she was getting the money as widow. She made her affidavit to be sure of the correctness of the claim, but then, she says, "they always make you swear, as general thing."

To claim that Gertrude is a supposititious child, and in support of their averment they produce some potent evidence, from which it appears that Ida Rollar went to the house of Mrs. Stark, on Evergreen avenue, June 24, 1883, and said she wanted a baby to adopt. Mrs. Stark kept a so-called "baby in hospital" and said she would procure an infant for Mrs. Rollar. Having no eligible child in the house she resorted to the baby of Mrs. Ida Mueller, 633 West Monroe street, who pursued a similar vocation, and found that a new arrival was in a day or two. The child came to light two days later, June 26. It is described as a diminutive blonde, with blue eyes, and a little wart on one ear which, as in many famous dime romances, has an influence upon the owner's destiny quite incommensurate with its apparent value. The mother of little Gertrude is declared by Mrs. Mueller to have been a music teacher, the daughter of wealthy parents in Kentucky, and she gave her name as Mary Calvary. Mrs. Mueller kept a record of the births occurring in her house, however, and in this record is a name which is given as Jennie Hastings, and that of the infant as Luella Hastings. When the infant was born, Mrs. Stark came with her young granddaughter and conveyed it to the room of Mrs. Rollar, who had just had a still born child. The evidence seems fatal to the claim of Gertrude. Mrs. Mueller, as strong did this evidence appear to get the benefit of her husband's property she must have a living child. Three witnesses, however—Mrs. Stark and her daughter and Mrs. Mueller—identified the supposititious child by the unfortunate ear-mark. So strong did this evidence appear to be that the defendants' counsel requested Judge Tuley to sign a decree finding that the complainant's claim was groundless. He refused, however, to forestall the usual course of litigation, and the matter will come up at a future day.

Some circumstances in this little romance claim to mind the more sensational history of George Peck, whose claims to the estate of Mrs. Clarissa C. Peck were fully set forth in the Tribune some months ago. Mrs. Peck, it may be remembered, left some \$400,000 for charitable purposes, and the boy George afterwards turned up, claiming to be her grandson and heir. It may be proper to state in this place that the attorneys of this youth have by no means abandoned the threatened legal proceedings to recover his alleged rights, but have deferred the matter from week to week with the momentary expectation, as they declare, of settling the suit on foot. Affidavits have been collected in formidable numbers, and it is insisted by them that they have not the remotest idea of abandoning the claim.

Desolation in Java.

In some parts of the country the earthquakes have left not a tree standing, and the soil is a wilderness, looking like the bottom of a dried-up sea. In fact, the region is in as bad a way as the worn-out stomach of an old dyspeptic. Earthquakes can not be prevented, but dyspepsia can, and the timely use of Brown's Iron Bitters will do it. This best of family medicines can be bought of any druggist at a dollar a bottle. Don't let your stomach become a desolation for the lack of it.

Base Lying.

(White Hall (N. Y.) Times.) The Republicans are trying to fight their canvass in this State with lying. They expect to fight it out on this lying. It takes all summer.

According to Professor Taylor, of the Department of Agriculture, the simplest test of pure butter is sulphuric acid. A few drops combined with the butter will turn it first a whitish yellow and in ten minutes a brick red. Once combined, treated in the same way, turns at first to a clear amber and in twenty minutes a deep crimson. Use a glass rod in mixing the acid with the butter.

While there is life there is hope. Let not the poor suffer from kidney disease lose heart, but cling to the anchor that Miesler's Herb Bitters shows to them. Joseph Lach, druggist of Manch Chunk, Pa., speaks from his own experience. He says: "I recommended Miesler's Herb Bitters as a tonic and appetizer, and have found it particularly valuable in affection of the kidneys."

WARTNER.

Something About the Man Who Was to Have Been Hanged on Friday.

New Trial Granted—The Gallows Already Prepared—The Crime—Interview With the Murderer.

RENSSELAER, Ind., May 15.—A scaffold painted black, a gibbet, a trap-door, an ominous spring, the clicking of which is suggestive of darkness and a life gone out, are what your correspondent saw to-day. But Wiebren Wartner breathes easier, because of a respite granted by the Supreme Court of the State, which set aside the sentence of death passed upon him for the murder of John Dreger last October.

The circumstances of the crime are yet fresh in mind, and the atrocity of the murder, the artfulness of the man in deceiving his victim to the river, and then, the moment his back was turned, slay him as coolly as a person would have killed a dog, are matters too terrible to be forgotten by an outraged community.

Wartner pleaded guilty, on the supposition that the Judge was opposed to capital punishment, but after hearing the evidence, he was still found guilty, and sentenced to death. Now the point is, can a Judge sentence to the death penalty on a plea of guilty, without a trial by jury?

It seems that the prosecution claim that in this case there was no trial, and the sentence was passed on the admission of guilt by the defendant, and the unmitigated circumstances of the murder rendered no other decision adequate.

The case will probably go over to the October term of court, as it is not likely an application for a rehearing in the Supreme Court will have been filed before the expiration of sixty days, owing to the absence and illness of the prosecutor, Samuel E. Yeoman, the Sheriff, had completed the preparations for the execution. The gibbet post is seventeen and a half feet high, the arm from which the rope is suspended is five feet long; the scaffold is nine feet high, the floor twelve feet square and the trap four feet square. The trap itself and the opening are different from the usual method, and were planned by Sheriff Yeoman and made by John Chamberlain. Instead of dropping the trap from one side it is made with an opening in the middle, and by the action of a lever, joint and iron arms, each half of the door is thrown down and back against the floor beneath, which is held securely by steel springs. The handle to the apparatus for springing the trap is three feet long, and is concealed within a box at the side of the scaffold. The iron lever running from the handle parallel with the floor toward the trap, or center, is two feet long and is secured to a joint or spring, from which an arm of iron extends to each corner parallel with the end of the lever, of two feet and ten inches in length, where they are fastened by a screw joint to a strip of iron running the length of the trap. These are securely fastened to the floor by a half-inch iron bolt six inches beyond the center, thus leaving sufficient room for the arms to work.

The advantage of this trap is that it sends the body perpendicularly through the aperture, and occasions no swaying, as the usual form of door often does. The appliance has been tested repeatedly with bags of sand weighing 150 pounds and found to work perfectly.

The gallows are surrounded by an eighteen foot enclosure large enough to accommodate 200 persons. The man who came so nearly being hanged to-day is, upon first sight, of a mild and inflexible appearance; forty years old, five feet and nine inches in height, weight 160 pounds, erect in carriage of medium brown hair, egg-shell blue eyes, and fair complexion, with a weak, nervous mouth, one would not select him as the perpetrator of such a cold-blooded affair.

"Why did you do such a thing as this, for which you are suffering?" we asked him. "To keep my woman and children from suffering."

"Could you get no work?" "No," with a shake of the head. "But he was your best friend."

"I'm sorry I did it—I'm sorry," he returned. The prisoner told your correspondent that he came from Holland two years ago; that he was married sixteen years ago to-day—the day he was to have been executed—to Ange Jane Houtzage, and had five children, who are all at the County Poor Farm. He was incarcerated on November 4. His cell is bare of everything save a comfortable hammock and cot and blankets. On the table in the corridor into which his cell opens, were newspapers and a few pictures. He watched each one carefully with an expression of inequitable interest. He has been indolent in the extreme since living in the county, and cupidly was the sole motive of the crime. The victim had provided his family with food and at the time of his murder had accompanied Wartner for the sole purpose of getting fish for his wife's family.

Your correspondent saw the bundle of clothes Wartner buried belonging to his victim, the iron pumps which he took with him with which to sink the body, and the short iron handle which he struck him with and broke in two, then using a sharp splintered point to finish the fearful work by jabbing it into the neck of the dying man.

Murders are rare in the county that if human life, outraged justice and violated law can not be vindicated legally, there is another tribunal more potent. It is to be hoped that law and order may be observed in the continuance of the case.

Beware of Scrofula.

Scrofula is probably more general than any other disease. It is insidious in character, and manifests itself in running sores, pustular eruptions, boils, swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, sore eyes, etc. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels all trace of scrofula from the blood, leaving it pure, enriched, and healthy.

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Salt Rheum.

William Spies, Elyria, O., suffered greatly from erysipelas and salt rheum, caused by handling tobacco. At times his hands would crack open and bleed. He tried various preparations without aid; finally took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now says: "I am entirely well." "My son had salt rheum on his hands and on the calves of his legs. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla and is entirely cured." J. B. STANTON, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

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Cancer Cured.

Mrs. Olive Hardman, an old resident of Walton County, and a lady of culture and prominence, has this to say of the treatment of cancer with Swift's Specific:

Over fifteen years ago a cancer made its appearance on my face. It was treated with plasters, and the core came out. The place healed up after some time, and seemingly my face was well. However, in a few years it returned again with more violence than ever. It gave me a great deal of pain. The former remedy seemed to do it no good. Knowing the disease to run in the family, having had one sister to die with cancer, I became seriously apprehensive of my condition. It continued to increase in size and violence. I almost gave up all hope of ever being cured. The physicians advised the use of the knife and cauterization. This was more than I could bear, and refused to have it operated upon in that way. All other remedies were used, but the cancer continued to grow worse. The pain was excruciating, and my life was a burden. In this extremity my son, Dr. Hardman, recommended me to use Swift's Specific. It was the last resort, but I was so prejudiced against the use of patent medicines, and especially this one, that I hesitated some time. At last I gave my consent, not believing there was any virtue in it. The first bottle only increased the size of the sore and the discharge from it, and hence did not inspire me with hope. On taking the second bottle there were signs of improvement, and my faith strengthened just in proportion. I used the Specific as a wash in the treatment of my cancer with remarkable success. I sponged the sore with the medicine diluted with a little water. It softened the scab, cooled the face and relieved the itching sensation. The spot on my face began to decrease, as well as the discharge, and hope sprang up in my heart. Could it be, I asked myself, that I was at last to be relieved of this disease? It has given me so many days of rest in the past that the idea of being well again almost overpowered me. There was a contest between hope and fear for a long time. It was a long night of weeping, but joy came in the morning. There is nothing left to mark the place but a small scar, and I feel that it is impossible for me to express my gratitude for this great deliverance. It is a wonderful medicine.

Mrs. OLIVE HARDMAN, Monroe, Ga. Jan. 9, 1884.

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